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Past-Times

WILLIAM M. PEGRAM

KD 1796

For many years the pen of Major William M. Pegram has given pleasure to thousands of men and women. His verses, generally sparkling with epigram, have been widely read in their fleeting scattered forms of publication. Now they have been gathered in this attractive volume. They are published in groupings, into which they naturally fall. Under the sub-title, "IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY," appear his more serious poems, including the Hymn sung on the opening day of the Jamestown Exposition. "AS WE SMILE THROUGH LIFE" comprehends the purely humorous verses, and "ROUND ABOUT TOWN" the lines touching some notable happenings in Baltimore; while the section "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES," embraces the author's rendering in crisp verses of modern forms of old proverbs.

KD 1796

Past-Times

WILLIAM MEADE PEGRAM

**JOHN H. SAUMENIG & CO.
No. 229 Park Avenue
Baltimore, Md**

1951

KD 1796

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TO
MY FRIENDS

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OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

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*Pastimes for friends of times present and past,
Gleaned from the humor of years;
Fugitive lines linked together at last,
Their smiles lurking near to tears;
Memories of men and of things famed of yore,
Glimpses of freshness in age-wisdom's lore;
Take us and have us, for better for worse,
Cherish us close to the heart,
Old thoughts and new thoughts in garments of verse
Hold us, 'till death us do part.*

In Golden Thread and Gray

JAMESTOWN

Official Opening Hymn at Jamestown Exposition, April 26, 1907.

O God of Nations, by Thy guiding hand
Were our forefathers led to this blest shore,
When they were seeking for some friendly land
Where they Thy praise, from fervent hearts might pour
In deep libations. They had nought to fear
From persecution's rack, or bitter strife,
Or gross exactions, often hard to bear,
Which compassed all their daily round of life.
Their first famed act on bleak Cape Henry's shore
Was planting of the Cross, with grateful mien,
Then with loud voice, above the ocean's roar,
Proclaimed their faith in what was yet unseen,
Yet well they knew had surely been decreed
And in His own good time would be declared,
By Him who helped them in their hour of need,
Who neither fost'ring care, nor guidance spared.

PAST-TIMES

Cheered by blest Hope, sheet-anchor of the soul,
They struggled on, impelled by conscious right,
Strong in that Faith, which did their acts control,
And gave them power when it was lost in sight.
On Jamestown Isle they did new altars raise,
Crude at the first, but with high purpose bent,
And there again with heartsome hymns of praise
They worshiped Thee, O God, with one consent.
So thus 'tis seen, it needs not to be proved,
That in this glorious land, where they were free,
Their first thought was of Him, whom well they loved,
Their glory was "religious liberty."
So now, Great God, on this our nation's day,
We give Thee homage, by our sires begun;
We still would learn of Thee to watch and pray,
Lest, losing Thy loved care, we be undone.
We praise Thee for the gifts Thy love bestows,
On this our Country, with unsparing hand;
Though undeserved, it thus most truly shows
Thy watchful care o'er this God-favored land
On which blest liberty first saw the light,
Where it was cradled, as the world records;
Where our forefathers' faith is "lost in sight,"
Where Thou art "King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"

GLASS AND PAPER

I knew a little maiden once,
A blithe and winsome fairy,
With laughing eyes and sunny face,
Who called herself "Wee Mary."
She had a wealth of golden hair,
And beauty in each feature,
A perfect form—in fact, she was
A faultless little creature.

A queer idea this fairy had :
She thought all things were real,
Nor could one make her understand
The meaning of ideal; .
She thought old portraits were alive,
And wondered o'er the matter,
That when she'd slyly look at them,
She catch them looking at her.

The picture of a horse or dog
Was certain to excite her,
Because she thought the horse would kick,
And *knew* the dog would bite her;
But when assured she need not fear
They'd cut up such a caper,
You'd hear her murmur to herself,
"Dey's only g'ass and paper!"

PAST-TIMES

She is a tot no longer now,
And life to her is real;
For well she knows the diff'rence 'twixt
The true and the ideal,
And she has learned the feeblest ray
That's shed from smallest taper
Will oft reveal that seeming truths
Are merely "glass and paper!"

"SOUNDS FAR FROM HOME"

Where'er we go, what'er we do,
It matters not how far we roam;
We all must own, and know 'tis true,
We welcome "sounds from far from home!"

It matters not how old we get,
How far our fancies oft may roam;
We fain would cherish mem'ries yet
Of those old "sounds from far from home!"

And when our days are done and past,
When we no longer here may roam,
We'll hope to hear sweet "sounds," at last,
Which will not come from "far from home!"

June 18, 1909.

THE LONESOME LADDIE

My winsome lassie's far frae here,
An' life wi' me drags saer and wearie;
Nae lightsome joy, nae happy cheer
When far awa' frae my ain dearie.
The gay birds sing on ilka tree,
The brook gaes onward sweetly singin';
Each song o' Nature's fu' o' glee,
But, ah! my heart wi' grief is ringin'!

I count na weeks, I count na days,
I count nea hours, sae dark and drearie;
I only count my ain heart lays
Till I shall clasp my bonnie dearie.
She's fair as ony summer flower,
Her voice is low as winds at even,
Her merry laugh's a joyous dower,
Her eyne are but a glimpse o' heaven!

Her lissome step is light and free,
Her loving ways sae blithe and cherie,
Each thought of her is dear to me
When absence parts me frae my dearie.
Though time may dim those eyne sae bright,
An' a' her blissfu' charms dissever,
To me through life, till death's dark night,
She'll aye be young and dear as ever!

PAST-TIMES

“TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION”

There will always occur in one's every-day life
Occasions where acts are controlled by suggestions,
Which, if heeded in time, may prevent much of strife,
And remind one that there are two sides to all questions.

It matters not who the disputers may be,
Whether cynics, philosophers, critics or—you, sir;
But you hold your own views, and most plainly we see
That I, the meanwhile, have a right to mine, too, sir!

You may think that you know everything that *is* known—
In your own little sphere it may chance to be true, sir;
But in arguments had on great subjects, 'tis shown,
Not the *how much* you know, but the *little* you do, sir!

Now, dispute as you will, there is always a way
To determine the cause and effect of disputing;
'Tis to patiently hear what both sides have to say,
As “'tis human to err” is a fact past refuting.

An old writer of note did but recently state
In a manner tho' blunt, yet was none the less terse-y,
“That the greater the fool, he the louder will prate
His opinion for *all*—have for others no mercy!”

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

May each new year be brighter
Than the last,
And grace attend thee e'en when
Time is past!

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

THE QUILL OF SLANDER

To an editor who persists in promulgating scandal, mistaking liberty for license and indecency for independence.

Say, from what doubtful pinion wast thou plucked,
Thou foolish, virulent and frothy Quill?
Persistent dabbler, in thy reckless hate,
In matters thou has not the ken to prove!
Was it from that of Crow, the wily bird?
And like him, on the wing, on mischief bent,
Wouldst pilfer seeds of vilest scandal-lore,
By others planted, ere they come to fruit,
And thus by stolen excerpts wouldst essay
To win for thee some credit for thy work?
Ah, no; we ask thy pardon, wary Crow;
Thou didst not lose thy pinion in this guise.

Thou gavest *nil*
To this vile Quill.

Or wast thou from the wing of bird renowned,
Which by its "cackle" once did save the State,
The harmless, wakeful Goose, at whose shrill cries
The grim old citadel escaped its doom?
Methinks thou cam'st not thence, though thou may'st own
Those attributes which named the bird aright.
None couldst thou save, not e'en, indeed, thyself;
For e'en whilst floundering in the darksome night,
Heedless and headlong thou wouldst dash thy pate
'Gainst popular opinion's sturdy wall
And lose, indeed, what little brain thou hast,
Which, aye, so long has patent been to all.

PAST-TIMES

This time we would apologize to Goose,
Which, mindful of her pinions, would disdain
With ready will,
This noxious Quill!

Or wast thou ta'en from noble Eagle's wing,
Whose wont to sail above in ether blue,
From giddy heights to look on mundane sphere
With eye undimmed, e'en by the sun's fierce glare,
Doth mark him King of Birds with royal mien?
Dost think thou com'st from thence, thou puny Quill?
Thy bombast would imply that thou, indeed,
Not only wast its quill, but the whole bird
Which erst has stood at red right hand of Jove,
Fit emblem of his majesty and power.
Such pinions once did aid the red man's aim
And speed with surety his barbed arrow's flight;
Thou hast not barb to mark thee of this class.
We beg thy pardon, patriotic bird;
Thou would'st have purged thy ever-glorious wing
With vengeful bill
Of this poor Quill!

One bird remains, whose wont to soar aloft
Is that he may avoid the public gaze,
Which looks afar for foul and putrid food
On which to gloat and fill him to the full.
Something about thee, Quill, dost tell of him
And mark'st the molting pinion whence thou fell.
Know'st thou the bird, the vaulting Buzzard; aye,
Which feeds on carrion, and, when fully gorged,

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

Voids its foul stomach, and again repeats
The vile repast, to make more voidance sure?
Of Crow, nor Goose, nor Eagle art thou part,
But of this Buzzard, thou ignoble Quill—
Base scavenger of thought, whose eager quest
For some new scandal, thereupon to whet
Thy morbid appetite for sickening food,
Would make thee hide the very truth the while
To prejudice, thou would'st staid facts distort.
No more apologies enow we make;
Thy pungent odor, Quill, proclaims thy state,
Which though thou fain by subtle means wouldst stay.

Thou wilt be still—
Pooh! Buzzard Quill!

October 24, 1907.

S'EXCUSE, S'ACCUSE

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse.—*St. Luke xiv, 18.*

'Tis thus we are informed, in Holy Writ,
How one and all a blessing each refused;
And caring for its import not a whit,
Each simply said: "I pray, have me excused!"

The first a piece of land had shrewdly bought,
And, lest self-confidence might be abused,
To see the same time must at once be sought,
And so, said he: "I pray, have me excused!"

PAST-TIMES

The next, five yoke of oxen were his care,
And he would see they had not been misused;
They must be proved, and he must needs be there;
Likewise said he: "I pray, have me excused!"

The third, and last, had just now found a wife,
And he, to make provision for his home
And give full zest to this new step in life,
Sententiously declared: "I cannot come!"

The lesson taught is plain, as every act
Of these invited guests was but a ruse
To cover up that most egregious fact—
For lack of *reason* they would make *excuse*!

LITTLE KATHARINE

With longing eyes I gaze, and lo! I see
A tiny elf, sprung forth to life and love;
And such a sprite—I can but think that she
Some seraph-angel is from realms above
Sent to us now to gladden hearts and eyes
And turn our thoughts from earth to Paradise!

I take her in my arms with ready will
And feel a joy which scarce can be expressed,
Which fills my heart with deep emotion's thrill,
As, with fond love, I clasp her to my breast;
And, looking in her heavenly blue eyes,
I *know* an angel's missed in Paradise!

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

MARYLAND'S HOMECOMING

Dedicated to Governor Edwin Warfield, 1907.

With a clarion call old Maryland would summon to her side,
From the earth's remotest confines or from countries far and wide,
Every son who calls her Mother—everyone who holds her dear,
And she hopes that each and all of them will lend a listening ear
When she asks that at her bidding they will all be surely here,
For she wants them now at home !

It matters not their station or what calling they pursue,
In her heart of hearts she's hungering for their greetings fond and true;
And she's waiting to receive them, with a welcome warm and deep,
For she's left the latch-spring open, while her vigils she will keep
To embrace her wandering children, as with joyful tears she'll weep,
For she feels they're coming home !

She has never ceased to miss them since the day they said
 “good-by,”
But she dreamed not for a moment that it e'er would be
 for aye,
For she felt the time was coming when her longing heart
 would thrill,
As with gladsome glee her children, in compliance with her
 will,
Would be turning faces homeward, showing that they love
 her still,
 And she knows they're coming home!

She wants to have them note the many changes since they
 left,
In the State, and dear old Baltimore, lately, sadly so bereft,
By what seemed a fire infernal, which we since have learned
 to prize,
As a greater, newer city has sprung up before our eyes;
So we deem the conflagration but “a blessing in disguise,”
 Which they'll see on coming home!

When at last they all have gathered, aye, from near and dis-
 tant lands,
And with heartsome joy and gladness we have grasped each
 other's hands,
When to fill their hearts with pleasure we our treasures will
 unfold,
And we give our cheery welcome, while they think of days
 of old,
Then they'll feel within their bosoms, for they'll need not to
 be told,
 That “there is no place like home!”

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

CEASE FIRING!

Written in 1875 at the request of a Federal Colonel and placed by the G. A. R. on the Confederate Monument at Loudon Park Cemetery, Baltimore, then copied and placed on the Confederate Monument at Hagerstown, Md., by the G. A. R. posts of that city several months thereafter.

Cease firing! There are *here* no foes to fight!
Grim war is o'er and smiling peace now reigns;
Cease useless strife—no matter who was right—
True magnanimity from hate abstains.
Cease firing!

VIRGINIA

Virginia, dear Virginia,
Of all the States, the queen,
And mother, too, of Presidents,
Whose like was never seen;
We love thee, thee we honor,
We glory in thy fame,
Our hearts are filled with rapture
On breathing thy dear name.

We love thee, dear Virginia,
For the trials thou didst bear,
For all the joys and sorrows
In which thou hadst thy share,
In those sad days of suffering,
When thou didst meet the foe
Who'd wrest from thee thy honor,
Thy ancient pride lay low.

PAST-TIMES

God bless thee, dear Virginia,
And hold His sheltering hand
O'er all thy sons and daughters,
Bravest, fairest, of the land;
May thy old glorious banner,
In haughty pride and mien,
E'er flout its dauntless motto
O'er thee, of States the queen.

THE RESTORED FLAG

Read at Annapolis, May 7, 1909, at the return of the flag of the Second Maryland Infantry, C. S. A.

Recovered relic of those stirring days,
Long lost, but ne'er surrendered, now restored,
We greet thee, to thy donors give the praise
For loving-kindness, not to be ignored.

We hail thee: "Hallowed Banner!" and we love
To con o'er fields where thou wast proudly borne
Straight to the front, which did the prowess prove
Of those great souls, all, save a few, now gone!

We honor that brave band, whose every breath
Marked deep devotion to the holy cause
Wherein they struggled, even unto death,
Defending homes! Upholding righteous laws!

And here, dear flag, we place thee now to rest
Among thy fellows, evermore to be
Entombed in state, amid the sacred, blest
Emblems of blood-bought immortality!

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

WINCHESTER

Oh, little town of Winchester,
 What stories thou could'st tell
With blinding tears, of those sad years,
 We know, alas! too well:
When as the scene of bitter strife,
 When foe met valiant foe,
When shot and shell around thee fell
 In days of long ago.

Oh, anxious town of Winchester,
 With harrowing fears perplexed,
O'erwhelmed with care, as everywhere
 'Twas wondered who'd be next
To tread thy sacred streets within—
 Would it be friend or foe?
As when engaged the battle raged
 In days of long ago.

Historic town of Winchester,
 None can with thee compare,
As in these days we give thee praise
 For burdens thou didst bear;
Times seventy past, from first to last,
 Thou wast, by friend or foe
The eager goal for each tried soul
 In days of long ago.

PRONENESS TO SIN

How prone to err is mortal man,
E'en in his best estate;
He sins, and sees his folly, too;
Regrets, but, ah! too late.

The deed is done—his sense of guilt
Hangs o'er him like a rod;
In shame and misery he seeks
To hide him from his God.

He seeks in vain; on every side
The spectre haunts him sore—
God's broken law, avenging wrath,
And death for evermore.

Oh, where shall, then, the sinner fly,
God's pardoning love to win?
"To Jesus," is the one reply—
"He cleanseth from all sin."

"Go to your closet," He commands,
And there, on bended knee,
Pour out your soul to Him, and pray
For His forgiveness free.

'Tis there the sinner finds that love
And feels his sins forgiven,
Receives new grace to lead him on
To reach his home in Heaven.

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

[THE FIRST—THE LAST.]

'Twas like a rose of grand and stately mien,
 Superb and brilliant in its early bloom,
Ere war's rude blasts had robbed it of its sheen,
 And with each dire reverse foretold its doom.

Then faded, crushed, and leafless, too, it died,
 Leaving a fragrance that for aye will last,
But with its pricking thorns, and woe beside,
 As sad mementoes of a glorious past!

DAY'S LANG SYNE

Some little thoughts caught on the wing,
Well filled with joys that each will bring
Of what has happened in my way
As jotted down day after day;
Thus keeping through my whole life long
A truthful tale of right or wrong,
Of joy or pain, or startling fears,
Of sunny smiles, or blinding tears,
Of cheering hope, which oft will spring
Into the heart, e'en anything
Which I would keep in memory's maze,
Reminding me of "other days:"
Thus I'll not need to wonder then,
In days to come, what might have been!

IS IT I?

In every walk of life we meet with sadness,
In many a careworn face we note despair,
In many eyes which fain would dance with gladness
We find the deepest trace of sorrow there;
And as we pause in sympathy and ponder
On how to aid them, haply we descry
In our own selves the very means, and wonder
We never thought of asking: "Is it I?"

When dire misfortune threatens those around us,
When fate's exactions, aye, are hard to bear,
When folly's foibles will at times confound us,
And faith is weakened, oft by acts unfair,
Should we, indeed, be then the first to censure,
Whate'er of good in all men to deny,
By classing all together at a venture,
Exempting one, and asking: "Is it I?"

Have we a right to occupy a station
We would deny to other folks as well,
And glory in our self-exaltation,
When asked the reason own we cannot tell?
Should we not rather give to others credit,
Own they have virtues we would them deny,
Revoke our word, regretting having said it,
And answer "Thou hast said" to "Is it I?"

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

Should we be judges of another's failings,
Quick to condemn e'en those who have appealed
To our good offices, and aid assailings
On character, which charity should shield?
Should we be always ready, as 'twould seem,
To pull the "mote" we're eager to descry,
Nor ever asking once, "Who has the 'beam'
Which mars the moral vision? Is it I?"

Then let each strive to learn from day to day
And mind the Golden Rule—so true and trite—
To give to others what we would essay
To claim as ours alone, forgetting quite
That each must answer for one's self indeed,
At Christ's own bidding one must make reply,
When that day comes, when one for life may plead,
In trembling, faltering accents: "Is it I?"

HARD CASES

Of the troubles of life we must all have our shares,
As we all have our quotas of pleasures and cares,
And though sometimes perplexed to the uttermost bent,
We should pause and reflect—for some cause they are sent;
And if true to the Faith, which our work should inspire,
And if cheered by the Hope, which should spring of desire,
We shall not lack the Love which all trouble effaces,
But determine at once not to give up "hard cases."

PAST-TIMES

We meet them each day on the street and the mart,
We're confronted by scenes that oft cause us to start
In our earnest endeavors, and cease for a while,
As we breathe out a prayer for those teeming with guile ;
Yet we know that God knows every act of their lives,
And we know, too, He marks every effort that strives
Each poor soul to reclaim, which foul sin now debases,
So the voice in our heart is: "Don't give up 'hard cases !'"

In God's own blessed Book, which we're all taught to cherish,
It is written: "I would not that any should perish,
But that sinners should come to the knowledge of truth."
This is meant for old age and for bright, budding youth.
'Twas for this that Christ lived, that He suffered and died,
'Tis for this He now reigns at His own Father's side ;
And it teaches the lesson which all doubt displaces,
That most blessed of truths—God don't give up "hard cases."

So, dear reader, let's strive, as He bids us to do,
Just to teach some poor soul to be honest and true ;
Let us tell of the "gift" that so freely is given,
Let us point out the "Way" that will lead one to Heaven ;
And, Oh ! as we glance at our life that is past,
So replete with the love which forever shall last,
We may well ask ourselves, with confusion of faces,
What had now been our lot had God gi'en up "hard cases !"

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

TO A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Time was, we're told, when great Apollo sung
That Nature listened when he tuned his lyre,
And when its strains throughout the forest rung,
All hearts were kindled with love's hallowed fire.

And thus 'tis now. When thou thy voice wilt raise,
Thought flies apace ; it quits its wonted seat,
While all must give to thee thy meed of praise,
And can but wish thou would'st thy songs repeat.

For thou dost kindle love ; thy notes do charm
The veriest anchorite who lists to thee,
Though none may fear or feel the least alarm,
Save only one, and I, alas ! am he.

I say alas ! for hopes with me are dead,
And though I wish, I cannot ask for more ;
But, thus repining, I my tears will shed,
And claim for thee one lasting, loud encore !

"MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

In the early springtide, when the fond heart is young,
All its chords yet unbroken, its woes yet unsung ;
When, with ecstatic joy, it looks forward to life
In its fullest fruition, and recks not the strife
That must fall to the lot of all children of men,
Then it knows not the import of what "might have been."

PAST-TIMES

But when tossed on the wave of life's sorrowful tide,
Like a bark on the billows, it drifts far and wide
From the haven of rest, then the woeful refrain
Finds its vent from the heart, racked with trouble and pain;
And it weeps o'er the past, is disconsolate when
It conjures up joys in the sad "might have been."

But cheer up, sad one; there are blessings in store
For the heart that loves fondly, tho' wretched and sore;
And though, for a while, fears your hope may enshroud,
Don't forget the "bright lining behind the dark cloud."
Give the future its chance, let the past go, and then
You will cease your repining o'er what "might have been."

CHRISTMAS

Would you sing a song, with a Christmas chime,
Of the Christmas that's now here,
Or that of the olden Scripture time,
On that night, so calm and clear?
That night when the blessed angels sang,
"Peace on the earth," and then
Loud through the vaults of Heaven rang,
"Good-will! Good-will! to men!"

IN GOLDEN THREAD AND GRAY

Would you sing of the blessed Christmas time,
The day of the children's joy,
In the chilling realm, or the sunny clime,
Where 'tis glad, without alloy?
Or would you sing of the sad, sad day
To the poor little ones, who want,
Who have no heart for the merry play,
Who are sickly, and lone, and gaunt?

Would you just think while your heart is gay
Of the wretched ones, whose need
Must deprive them on this festive day
Of such happy, joyous need?
Then, if you would, just drop a tear,
Not for Christmas far away,
But for this very one that's here,
Their sad, sad, Christmas day!

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL!

Song—Air: "Soldier's Farewell."

Old Year, thy hours are fleeting,
Few moments left for greeting,
And wishes old repeating,
And New Year's smiles entreating,
Farewell, farewell, Old Year, farewell!
Farewell, farewell, Old Year, farewell!

PAST-TIMES

While moments yet are clinging,
And time is, with it, bringing
Sad recollections, springing
Into our minds, while singing,
 We'll say: "Farewell, Old Year, farewell!
 Farewell, farewell, Old Year, farewell!"

When time, at last, is ended,
With God's great future blended,
His mercy comprehended,
And by His Son befriended,
 May we, with praise, His glory tell,
 And gladly cry: Old Time, farewell!

SCRAPS

"Gather up the fragments."—*Holy Writ.*

Gather the fragments that none may be lost,
Lose not a part that may prove to our cost,
Treasure each scrap, born of labor and love;
Ever be mindful they're sent from above.
Lose not a chance, as we toil day by day,
To do some good work which may fall in our way,
Not to flatter ourselves that we're doing no harm,
Then fold our arms calmly and feel no alarm,
As we heedlessly press in the paths we're pursuing,
Never pausing to ask, What of good are we doing?
Let us take this to heart, and while pondering, perhaps
We will learn the great lesson that's taught us by "scraps!"

As We Smile Through Life

MIKE MURPHY'S MYSTERY

Mike Murphy, indeed, was in such a sad plight
That it called for no little surprise,
As both of his "peepers" were black as the night,
And were quite disproportioned in size.
When asked by his friends what it meant, he averred :
"Well, indade, 'tis a mysthery, too,
For I don't know for why is me countenance blurred,
But me sthory is this—and it's threue :
I jist sthopped in to visit Tim Doolan, me friend,
For to have a shmall bit of a chat—
'Twas a good place to go for a short hour to sphend,
And, bedad, there was no harm in that.
Well, Tim Doolan was out, but his "Missus" was in,
And she rocked back and forth in her chair,
As she welcomed me kindly, and proudly she thin
Inthroduced her new young son and heir.
I avowed he, indade, was a broth of a chap,
But I scarcely had time to say more,
For I hardly had lifted him into me lap
When Tim Doolan walks in through the door,
With, 'Good mornin',' says he, 'and say, how are yez, Mike?'
Says I, 'Sure, I'm holding me own !'

PAST-TIMES

He, with that, with a fist just as hard as a sphike,
Laid me flat on me back like a sthone.
First, he let go his left on me right eye, ye see,
And I can't tell at all what he mint,
Then he let drive his right, as I rose on me knee,
On me left one—again down I wint.
Not a word did he sphake, and I'd give half I'm worth
To account for me piece of ill luck,
For as long as I live I will shwear on me oath
That I don't know for why I was strhuck!"

"DINNA FORGET"—AN ANSWER

I winna forget, lassie, winna forget,
But why shouldst thou grieve that we e'er should have met?
Though severed we be, not for aye are we parted,
So why shouldst thou seem to be thus broken-hearted?
Hope on for the future—thou hast hoped in the past—
And confide in the love that forever will last;
Doubt not, in one thought, my professions sincere,
As I live but in thine—tho' they're made in leap-year.

A QUANDARY

I fain would be meekly petitional,
Tho' I scarcely know how to begin,
Yet I'd ask if "baptism conditional"
Cleanses one from "conditional" sin?
Or in "Anglican" waters must one only be laved
To feel sure, in his heart, he indeed can be saved?

NOTICE! PAINT!!

A lover sat down with his love by his side,
With his countenance joyous and beaming with pride,
As he gazed on the blending of beauty and art,
While a thrill of delight filled his innermost heart ;
And reveling thus in most exquisite bliss,
He thought to obtain from his loved one a kiss,
But ere he had captured the coveted prize
The scales of love's blindness fell off from his eyes,
As he marked the fixed hue of the maidenly blush,
And discovered 'twas paint, what he took for a flush
Of the health-giving tide, with its ebb and its flow,
Like some pool, idly stagnant, continued to glow.
"Zounds!" thought he; "is what did betoken the morn
Of bright youth in thy face only just now put on?
And have I indeed been deceived, then, in truth
By the counterfeit bloom, the mere semblance of youth?
And that beautiful brow, I was wont to declare,
Did so vie with the lily in brilliancy fair,
I now find, to my sorrow and e'en to love's blight,
Is indebted for fairness to pure 'Lily-white.'
Ah, no! I decline—I forego all the bliss
I had sought to derive from the rapturous kiss,
Lest the mark of the brush I might haply erase
And leave the imprint of my lips on thy face.
No more will I fondly encircle thy neck,
Lest the counterfeit fairness my sleeve may bedeck,
As I care not to wear on demonstrative arms
This most positive proof of decay of thy charms."

SOUTH VS. NORTH

Written in answer to a "Plea in Abatement," from a Northern gentleman to a Southern lady, at her request.

I note your plea, and here my answer make,
And bid you mark the moral it contains;
But as for yours, it is for me to take
Some little time to show there still remains
A curious fact which you have failed to see;
So, gentle sir, one moment give to me!

That "little piece of ice," in melting, showed
Indeed "what power there is in Southern eyes!"
Since thus you compliment me a-la-mode,
Of course you will not feel the least surprise
If now I say those glances warm, though shy,
Failed to impress an icicle (?) close by!

Who that congealed appendage was, just here
It is not meet, as yet, for me to say;
Suffice to know, as still my memory's clear,
He was a hanger-on from day to day;
And though from morn to dewy eve he'd sit,
He proved glance-proof, and melted not a bit!

I mark with pride that wise, sagacious hint
You give: "To flee from Southern beauty's glance
When heightened by each rosy blush's tint."
'Tis good, and does not savor of romance;
For know you, sir, that in the days gone by
The Northmen quailed 'neath Southern woman's eye!

FEW AND FAR BETWEEN

City girls that are plain
That we meet, in the main,
Are few and far between.
Walk on any known street,
Every lass that we meet
Is the sweetest that ever was seen;
And the fact is well known,
'Tis this great city's pride
That the girls that are ugly,
It can't be denied,
Are few and far between!

Polite young men we meet
Every day on the street
Are few and far between;
And this fact all attest,
In North, South, East and West,
Wherever these samples are seen;
And such men, in a car,
With politeness replete,
Who will get up and offer
Any lady a seat,
Are few and far between!

PAST-TIMES

There's another marked class
That we can't say, alas !
 Are few and far between,
As so often we meet
 Ladies walking the street,
 While men, smoking beside them, are seen.
Should the fair ones demand
 That the proper respect
Which is due them be shown,
 We might surely expect
 They'd be few and far between !

A GENTLEMAN

In one sense, from the poet
 He differs not a whit ;
Essentially the gentleman,
 “Nascitur, non fit !”

A LADY

A lady is not such alone by birth,
 Or else she often is but such in name ;
But she who would good manners add to worth
 Alone has right, true woman, to that claim ;
A lady she, this tribute all accord,
 Though she be wife to peasant or to lord.

KISSING

Written at the request of a young lady, who sent it in reply to a missive on the subject.

On the question of kissing, 'twere idle and vain,
By the subtlest of sophistry, e'er to discover
What of precept or practice is used, in the main,
When 'tis narrowed right down to a maid and her lover.

“Miss Propriety’s” school teaches “precept” the while,
And the “practice” she loses no chance to disparage
When she holds—aye, in courtship—that nought but a smile
Should be deigned, that the kiss should be kept until marriage.

Now, this sounds very well, but I'll wager the dame
Who now would suggest such impractical preaching,
Were she put to the test, would admit, and exclaim
That she'd rather teach twenty than follow her teaching.

So at this I rebel, and I state as a fact
That my lord, that may be, be he ever so foxy,
Shall ne'er get my hand to the blissful compact
Till he swear, when away, that he'll kiss me—by proxy.

PAST-TIMES

VALENTINE

On the eve of night,
In the moon's pale light,
When the stars begin to glimmer on the sea;
When the sweet flower weeps,
And the wild bird sleeps,
Then it is that I think of thee.

In the cool, bracing morn,
When the herdsman sounds his horn,
And the herd comes a-lowing o'er the lea;
When the sky, red and gory,
Shows old Sol in all his glory,
Then it is that I think of thee.

In the mild, pleasant noon,
When the wild, enchanting tune
Is warbled by the bird upon the tree,
Then it is that business comes,
Like a bee, with worrying hums,
When, alas! I never think of thee.

WOMAN'S SALVATION

As "wind is raised" by whistling, we infer
Man's province 'tis, and must the fact concede
That woman, since "the wind is raised" for her,
For aptitude in whistling has no need.

AS WE SMILE THROUGH LIFE

MARRIAGE

A LOTTERY.

“Thy dread uncertainty my fear enhances,
 Oh, lottery of life!” the cynic cries,
“And bids me pause, ere I would take the chances,
 Where many blanks are drawn and scarce a prize.”

AN INVESTMENT.

Some folk we meet, 'tis curious to relate,
 Who reckon marriage an estate ideal;
But those who learn, by fortune or by fate,
 Know but too well that 'tis an estate real.

And reasoning thus, since man was made of earth,
 It cannot be denied, tho' cynics prate,
That plighted hearts, where love has had its birth,
 Are merely “mortgaged lots” of “real estate.”

A FAILURE.

This is a question which now strangely seems
 To wholly occupy the cynic's mind;
It troubles him anon in nightly dreams,
 And yet no fitting answer can he find.

'Tis easy solved: If brides would not endure
 A hapless life, then they should always plan,
Before the final plunge, to make it sure
 That they indeed are wedding the “best man.”

DESCRIPTION

He is either defied, baffled or beggared.

If there's aught in this world which for sympathy craves,
And deserves our best efforts to see him well used,
'Tis that old time-worn servant, whose credit none saves;
It is poor old "Description," so sadly abused!

One would think him the worst of all terrible ills,
And another, such thought, would most quickly deride;
But in giving his views on an ailment which kills,
And "Description" would give, he is strangely "defied!"

One would tell of calamity—war, if you please—
How in hand-to-hand fight he his blade once did wield;
While his sadly recounting the scenes, aye, with ease,
Lo, "Description" is "baffled" and flies from the field!

One would fain learn the truth, told in many a case,
Of heart-breaking sorrow and poverty sore,
But he finds that his queries are all out of place—
Old "Description" is "beggared," and he, too, is poor!

Thus it is in the troubles or pleasures of life,
Aye, in hovel or palace, in ball or in rout,
Poor "Description's" the subject of many a strife,
And is either distorted or cavilled about!

AS WE SMILE THROUGH LIFE

WEDDED TO HIS IDEAL

On the marriage of Rev. Geo. D. Jones and Miss Sinn.

The above strange announcement gives rise to the thought
That even some parsons don't do as they ought;
Doubtless this one will preach and exhort men to reason
While enjoying "the pleasures of sin for a season."

As we notice this case we can scarcely ignore
The fact that "original Sinn" is no more;
But the saddest of ills for all time may be dreaded
By his flock, as its shepherd to "Sinn" now is wedded.

How he ever will preach and 'gainst sinners inveigh
As he used to do, in a forcible way,
It is hard to conceive, as he rarely will touch
On a theme, oft proscribed, which he now loves so much.

A plain, unmistakable moral this teaches,
That a parson should practice whatever he preaches;
And, that no act of his should e'er cause men to cavil,
He should even avoid "all appearance of evil."

QUERY

How do we men of this material day
Differ from those who long since passed away?
In one marked sense: The Ancients urned their dead;
We Moderns earn our living now instead.

THE BUSTLE

I'd like to know why women e'er will place
Around their forms such hind'rances to grace—
Wear monstrous humps, which seem to grow the while
They take a "pose" to give the things a style.
'Tis certain that had old Dame Nature strayed
Thus widely from her pattern, and had made
This gross "amendment" to her great *chef-d'œuvre*,
Old Father Adam ne'er had been a lover;
Moreover, for all time, the Dame berating,
All surgeons had been busy amputating
What had been deemed a frightful malformation,
And not the work of Nature's own creation.
In pond'ring o'er the subject, I must own
My utter inability, alone,
To solve a question, in such myst'ry shrouded,
With brain intact and intellect unclouded;
And feeling thus, acknowledge my compassion
For all the votaries of the foolish fashion.

CARVED

"Therefore shall a man cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh."—*Bible*.

In reading of some sad divorce,
With all the mischief done,
One is compelled to note, perforce,
The two-ness of the one!

AS WE SMILE THROUGH LIFE

A MEETING OF THE BOARD

Old friends, here we meet
To join in our glad greetings,
New jokes to make
Old hands to shake
And care thrust away;
With mirth and song and gladsome glee
We'll raise the shout: "Crambambulee!"
Cram-bim-bam-bambulee!
Crambambulee!

With each glad return
Of this old festal season,
With ready will
Our cups we'll fill
And sing as of yore;
We'll pledge "old days" with wassail free,
And loudly shout: "Crambambulee!"
Cram-bim-bam-bambulee!
Crambambulee!

Our songs, bright and gay,
Must tempered be with sadness
For comrades gone
To that old bourne
Whence none e'er return;
But could they speak, in spirit free,
They'd shout: "Good cheer! Crambambulee!"
Cram-bim-bam-bambulee!
Crambambulee!

Wednesday Club, December 31, 1908.

PAST-TIMES

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW"

Oh, the snow ! the beautiful snow !
Blinding your eyes wherever you go,
Forcing its way through the seams of your coat,
Taking "a go" at your delicate throat.
Do you ask if I like it ? I answer you, No !
A blasted old fraud is "the beautiful snow !"

A TARDY LOVER

'Tis not of love that's late that I would sing,
With buried memories of the old, old story ;
But love belated, quite a different thing,
Not really dead, but only dilatory :
In such a case the thought is present ever—
Better belated, late, indeed, than never !

HIS BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY

On the marriage of Mr. Jno. R. Page and Miss Emma Volume, by Rev. Charles E. Binder—said to have taken place in Illinois.

Alas ! to me 'tis a diminished age !
I once was a whole Volume—now a Page,
And by the Holy Writ 'tis said I'm bound,
For better Binder nowhere could be found.
But may he find in this, and future ages,
That he will have to bind whole quires of Pages !

AS WE SMILE THROUGH LIFE

JESSAMINE

Thou art fairest of the flowers,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
'Neath the sun or shady bowers,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
For thy perfume is so sweet,
And with fragrance so replete,
I thy glories would repeat,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
I thy glories would repeat,
 Jessamine!

There are other flowers that bloom,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
But for thee they must make room,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
For thou dost all hearts entwine,
As all hearts to thee incline,
On thy tender, clinging vine,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
On thy tender, clinging vine,
 Jessamine!

But there's one thing I would know,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
Which I'll leave to thee to show,
 Jessamine! Jessamine!
Say, wouldst thou be appalled,
If, with love and hope enthralled,
Thou, by someone, should'st be called
 Jessie, mine! Jessie, mine!
Thou by someone shouldst be called
 Jessie, mine!

PAST-TIMES

PEDIGREE

Who boasts of blood in bullock, horse or pig,
And cares not for his own, how pure it be,
Had better right to grow pretensions big
Had he been sired by either of the three;
And though his dam an animal may be,
Styled mulier in Latin, yet, alas!
He is, in fact, far muleyer than she—
In plain old Anglo-Saxon, he's an ass!

BIBULANCE VS. GLUTTONY

The sons of Rechab would deny the rights
Of all free bibulants the sky beneath,
Yet reck not of that host of "Wreck o' bites"
Who dig their graves, unheeded, with their teeth;
And fat-uously throughout the world proclaim
Their God's their belly; their glory is their shame!

LOCAL OPTION

The idea, "Local," is meant to show
The "place" to get it, if one would go
To take a nip each minute;
The final, "Option," is then affixed
To allow the "choice" of "straight or mixed,"
With a little sugar in it.

'Round About Town

OLD CHRIST CHURCH BELLS

Old Bells, could ye tell to the world your own story,
So pregnant with interest, so grandly sublime,
How your pealing would add fresher zest to the glory
Or sorrow of many, old time-honored chime !

Full well would the tales which your tongues would be telling
Awaken fond mem'ries of pleasure and pain—
Of the dear, sacred spot, whence your notes once were
swelling
And of voices which ne'er shall be heard there again.

For many long years have ye called to the portals
Of God's holy temple of praise and of prayer
The now vanished train of unworthy immortals
Who were eagerly thronging to enter in there.

But those portals are sealed, and one hears there no longer
Within the drear walls the loud anthems of praise,
And the deep-sounding echoes but mark now the stronger
How hushed are the strains of those rapturous lays.

PAST-TIMES

How well 'tis remembered when war's desolations
And blood fratricidal our country imbued,
Though your mission was "Peace," how your warlike vibrations
Betokened the knell of a nation subdued!

How dread were those notes which your brazen throats
muttered!
How fraught was their story with heartrending pain!
For so soon as the joyous word "Victory" was uttered
Your voices were toned to the dole for the slain.

But now ye are still your blest mission fulfilling,
And gladly one lists to the welcome ye give
Unto all who with humble and pure hearts are willing
To heed the sweet words, "Come unto Me and live!"

And now, dear old Bells, though it fills one with sadness
To note the old spot, lonely, darksome and drear,
In your new habitation may you ring in your gladness—
"Blest Peace and Good-Will" till the Day-Star appear!

1872.

CLIPPERS AND CRUISERS

In olden times our "Clippers" held their sway,
And left their wakes before each spanking breeze;
So now our splendid "Cruisers" have their day,
And plough their course through rough and stormy seas.
It matters not, in peace or war's grim brunt,
Our city will be ever in the front!

May 18, 1893.

DAY AFTER ELECTION

In the old historic graveyard,
Where defeated heroes sleep,
May be marked some new-made sepulchres,
O'er which e'en angels weep,
Where the sad, lamented victims
Of the late election storm
Lie, with headstones deeply graven
With the mystic word "Reform."

On reviewing now their speeches,
And their virtues, one and all,
We'd return them good for evil,
While rejoicing o'er their fall ;
And the cry, "Nil nisi bonum,"
We would raise above the storm,
As we note a mild suggestion
In the mystic word "Reform."

They have vanished like the leaflets,
Stricken by the autumn blast,
Or like sails upon the ocean
When the hurricane is past ;
"Gone where the woodbine twineth"—
Perished in the ruthless storm—
"Sic transit gloria (Tuesday),"
And the mystic word "Reform."

POPPLETON'S PLAT

**Suggested by the Covington street case in the Baltimore City Court,
June 9, 1882.**

Oh, rough is the bed of this Covington street
In however way you may take it,
Whether Richardson's line may have made it complete
Or Martinet's figures may make it.
Of one fact we're assured, and it can't be gainsaid,
'Tis a *sine qua non*, it is that
Whenever we have any beds to be made,
We should make them by "Poppleton's Plat!"

Now, the question in chief that is raised in this case
Is that of "complete dedication,"
And the counsel would give by the stones on the place
Some, partial at least, information;
But the line that is laid in the bed of said street,
Whether running or this way or that,
Must determine the fact that the lay is complete,
And conforms, too, to "Poppleton's Plat!"

Now, the jury, a set of intelligent men—
A fact that is needless to mention—
Have made up their minds on the question, and when
They confer there will be no contention;
For they can but agree, as all doubts they resign,
And there, too, is good reason for that,
As each dreamed last night he himself was a line,
And was "laid out" on "Poppleton's Plat!"

'ROUND ABOUT TOWN

Now, one favor I ask: When I "shuffle this coil"
And must vamose forever this sphere—
When I lie down to rest from my labor and toil
And surrender those things now so dear—
When my grave is surveyed and most carefully made,
Whether located this way or that,
May my bones there be placed and the "stones," too, be laid
Without reference to "Poppleton's Plat!"

THE KEY MONUMENT

On the decision as to its site.

In the dark of the morn it is sad to discern
That the public desire has been lost in the seeming,
As decision is made, and from it we must learn
That the monument "pose" in "McHenry" was—dreaming;
But our sick'ning despair
That it will not be there
Is absorbed by the thought
That it will be—somewhere!
So we'll wait till the time of unveiling is here,
And will hail it, tho' placed in the land of Judea!

January 15, 1907.

“WEDNESDAY CLUB” REUNION

Time is now rolling in measure,
Taking the year in its train,
While we assemble for pleasure,
Thankful to gather again:
Carol we now at our leisure,
Breathing each heart’s stirring strain,
Singing in joyous refrain,
In joyous refrain.

Quaff we, in cups overflowing,
Healths to each other galore,
Wishes, with hearts that are glowing,
Thoughts of old friends now no more:
Sadness, in turn, overthrowing,
Singing with zest, as before,
Singing the old songs of yore,
The old songs of yore.

So now with hearts that are joyous,
Eyes all unwet by a tear,
Naught of life’s cares to annoy us,
Let us give vent to our cheer:
Friendship’s demands will employ us,
Hallowed by feelings sincere,
Wishing a Happy New Year,
“A Happy New Year.”

New Year’s Eve, December 31, 1888.

'ROUND ABOUT TOWN

SOUVENIR BELLS

Après—Poe.

The metal of the broken bell of the Church of the Messiah, burned February 8, 1904, was cast into tiny souvenirs.

Hear the tinkle of those Bells,
 Souv'nir Bells!
What a melancholy narrative
 Each monotone now tells!
Of that fearful night of sorrow,
 With the fierce, consuming fire
And the anguish of the morrow
 Which its havoc did inspire;
And each bosom sadly swells
At the tinkle of those Bells,
 Souv'nir Bells!

Hear the story of those Bells,
 Tearful Bells!
Of a terrible calamity
 Each tiny tinkle tells!
Of that dark and fearful night,
 Lurid with the horrid light,
And the sight so sad, forlorn,
 In the early anxious morn,
 As the fire,
With its sweeping blaze aflare,
 Casting fiery showers in air,
In its wild resistless race
 Folded in its hot embrace
 Old Messiah!
And the fact our grief impels
At the tinkle of those Bells,
 Sighing Bells!

PAST-TIMES

Hark ! now listen to those Bells,
Soothing Bells !
And note the sweet encouragement
Each hopeful peal compels !
As it tells of great achievements
In the future bright and near,
When from out her doleful ashes,
Phoenix-like, she will appear,
To completion, rising higher,
Till we see our "New Messiah"
Standing in her pride and might
As a champion for the right,
On her consecrated ground,
With the busy marts around ;
And the thought our grief dispels
With the tinkling of those Bells,
Cheery Bells !

Hear the teachings of those Bells,
Happy Bells !
As with joyous, gladsome utterance
Every tinkle fairly swells !
That we lift our voice in praise
To the great white throne above,
That our hearts to Him we raise
For His goodness and His love,
Humbly thankful for the blessings
He vouchsafed in days now past ;
For the faith and hope which cheered us
When our spirits were downcast,
While our joy all gloom dispels
At the tinkling of those Bells,
Thankful Bells !

'ROUND ABOUT TOWN

A CATASTROPHE

Suggested by the falling of the ceiling in the Mayor's office, Baltimore, in the year 1877.

First Cit. log.: "Why all this noise?"

Second Cit. log.: "My Lord! we've had a scare!
The ceiling fell and crushed the Mayor's
chair;

And what is passing strange, I tell you,
sirrah,

It didn't even scratch the mantel mirror,
For which I'm glad, for had it smashed
that plate,

Seven troublous years had been our city's
fate,

With jobs and rings, and wholesale specu-
lation,

And taxes raised by bad administration!"
"But did it kill the Mayor, or did he
"shin" it?"

Second Cit. log.: "No such good luck—the Mayor wasn't
in it!"

BOWIE'S SOLILOQUY

On the objections of the merchants of Baltimore street to the electrifying
of said line of railway.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "THE MIKADO.")

Whatever the people may say,
Trolley-la!

Has nothing to do with the case,
For I have the whole right of way,
Trolley-la!

PAST-TIMES

And on Baltimore street, some bright day,
Trolley-la !

I will put every pole in its place—
Yes, I'll put every pole in its place.
So that's what I mean when I sing or I say:
Let the public be d——d if it don't like my way,
Trolley-la-ee !

Trolley-la-la-la-la-ee ! Trolley-la-la-la-la-ee !
Trolley-la ! Trolley-la ! Trolley-la !

Old Wine In New Bottles

*Wherein the saws of sages,
Once uttered for all Time,
Translated through the ages,
Are set to modern rhyme.*

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“May you live as long as you want,
And never want as long as you live.”

“Society throws a mantle around popular sins.”

“Money is the touchstone of all character.”

“Know thyself.”
—*Solon.*

“A neglected duty is a committed crime.”

“The Mayor makes the money go.”

“A self-made man generally worships his Creator.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

To live as long as one wants
Must depend on life's Giver;
Whether life is worth living
Must depend on—the liver!

Society's scant covering scarce can hide
The heinous sins one marks on every side!

A man is said to have enough in store
When he has gotten just "a little more!"

Some might be self-known
Could one only induce them
To get some poor friend
To themselves introduce them!

"Duty" is of words the most sublime,
And to neglect it is, indeed, a crime!

While he makes "go" great lots of city pelf,
It patent is, he never "goes" himself!

Why should he not? He surely has the right
Who lifts himself from any lowly plight;
And tho' the job seems poor to certain eyes,
He'll be their idol when he wins the prize!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Most men are bad.”

—*Bias.*

“And he that makes his soul his surety
I think does give the best security.”

—*Hudibras.*

“Honesty is the best policeman.”

“In the midst of life we are in debt.”

“An honest man’s word is as good as his bond.”

“The man who spends his time in idleness usually has
nothing else to spend.”

“A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.”

—*Garfield.*

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Who this asserts must biased be;
'Tis sad
To think of those now dead and gone
As bad!

Who makes his soul the surety—for evil
Gives all he has forever—to the devil!

This innate virtue may with force sublime
Arrest a man when on the brink of crime!

We ne'er will be relieved, tho' strive we may—
The “debt to nature” is the last we'll pay!

This may be true enow,
But look beyond;
A chance mistake may make you
Need the bond!

His idle mind the devil's workshop is—
He has no care for life's amenities;
But place him under bond, and then you'll see
Time's spendthrift—he thenceforth will cease to be.

A man of pluck keeps progress well in mind;
Who trusts to luck will always be behind!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Truth is a cutting sword.”

“To assume success is very often to bring success.”

“When a thing is done, advice comes too late.”

“A contented mind is a specific for making gold.”

“Who looks not before finds himself behind.”

“Proverbs are the lamps of words.”

“Good words are a string of pearls.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

It cuts a path 'twixt here and the beyond,
And of all honest action is the bond.

A trite old adage, ne'er to be forgot—
"Assume a virtue if you have it not!"

The thing effected, it must be surmised,
Advice then given must be unadvised!

A queer specific, as research will find
That gold is made of matter, not of mind;
Should such a curious process be invented,
None would be made—no mind would be contented!

Who looks ahead will scarcely be inclined
To take much notice of the one behind;
And lest he lack his share of earthly pelf,
The laggard one must look out for himself!

While words are oftentimes used for specious screening
To hide a truth or else distort its meaning,
A proverb dropped, suggesting introspection,
May light the way by its own bright reflection!

It matters not if they be said or sung,
Good words *are* pearls if they be deftly strung!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“A well-dressed woman draws her husband away from another woman’s door.”

“Men are prone to make resolves after they are caught.”

“Virtue and Honor work hand in hand until they meet Opportunity, when she settles the job.”

“Marriage is either Heaven or Hell—there is no Purgatory in its vocabulary.”

“One-half of life is spent in anticipation; the other half in regret.”

“Repentance is very deep—the next day.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

A woman oft will dress her lord to vex,
But oftentimes just to spite the gentler sex;
When to such lengths she'll go, 'tis well expressed
That "Woman, not her wrongs, should be redressed!"

Men may resolve, perchance, for good or ill,
And fate pronounce their resolutions *nil*!

Base Opportunity but lacks the time
To make of virtue, vice; of honor, crime!

It all depends upon the kind of leaven
To make of Marriage either Hell or Heaven;
A man may make his Hell; a woman, hers;
'Tis but a question which each one prefers;
The choice decided, 'tis the old, old story,
And there will be no need for Purgatory!

Anticipation casts a hopeful hue
Around achievements that we have in view;
But in realization we are met
With ills unlooked for, causing deep regret!

Today's repentance may be deep and clear—
Tomorrow's, shallow and most insincere!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Vacillation and indecision are obstacles to success.
There's no 'push' or 'pull' in them.”

“God looks to pure hands, not to full ones.”—*Syracuse*.

“Debt has no fears to him who owes nothing.”

“Anxiety and Ennui are the pencils that Time uses to draw wrinkles.”

“It is far better to be a live minnow than a dead social whale.”

“Failure is negative success.”

“One-half of the world trades upon the gullibility of the other half.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Confirmed vacillation
Will bring you remorse.
Quickly make your decision:
"Go-cart" or "Horse!"

It is not of the fullness of our hands,
But of their purity that God demands.

Who nothing owes of all his worldly pelf
Hath naught to fear of any—save himself!

This is a fact which all can well define,
That Time is a great artist in this line;
In either sense "originals" are pleaded,
And in no case are "replicas" e'er needed!

The simplest little fish that's "in the swim"
Spurns the dead "social whale" that's lost his vim!

If this be true of all the daily strife,
What great successes do we meet in life!

It is a fact that cannot be annulled,
One-half the world by t'other half is "gulled!"

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Marriage is a mixture of duty, drudgery, love, laughter and license.”

“Pleasant company is always acceptable.”

“There are no birds in last year’s nest.”

—*Longfellow.*

“Plenty of money does not mean ease to mind, heart or soul.”

“Mankind is wondrous unkind to the man who fails.”

“If you be ill and melancholy, don’t blame the world for it.”

“Rights, temporal and eternal, rest on certain fixed laws.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

If it be such a medley as portrayed,
Why should it be desired by man or maid?
Whate'er it may portend, they can't deny it,
It is the burden of their lives to try it!

A pleasant company is two, we know—
A third is always apt to be *de trop*!

So may it be that from each loving heart
All ill-forboding fears may thus depart!

A plethora of cash, without control,
May prove a menace to mind, heart and soul!

It is sad, but a fact, that mankind is most quick,
When a fellow is down, just to give him a kick!

Why should you blame the world for your own folly,
And the dark ills which make you melancholy?
For 'tis a fact that you should know full well
That sunshine in the heart will clouds dispel!

Young Lazarus dead, how sure a fact it is
That things eternal, then alone were his:
Young Lazarus, raised to life by power sublime,
Again hath ownership in things of time!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The gossip and the tattler are two of a kind, of the worst.”

“Early to bed and early to rise
Will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise.”
—*Old Proverb.*

“One drop of ink may make a million think.”

“There is no time like the present.”

“Little pitchers have big ears, but bigger mouths.”

“Know thyself. It is well sometimes to know the other fellow, too.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

There is no blest immune from idle talk,
Let man be fast or slow, as to his walk ;
And tattling tongues are ready to indict
As wholly wrong those ever in the right !

To add to this one might as well propose
To "paint the lily or adorn the rose!"

It may do more, as often it contrives
To make a blot on pure and upright lives ;
Nor is that all, for well 'tis understood
A single drop may make a bond that's good !

The present time is now, as all can see,
While "no time" is, in fact, eternity !

'Tis not harmful to hear,
But the danger's in speaking ;
Hold your own to the full,
But look out for the leaking !

So said old David Harum :
"It is just
Know if your man would do you—
Do him fust!"

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The surest road to persuasion is opposition.”

“A ‘white lie,’ well told, will frequently put an end to investigation.”

“Cowards are always victims of hallucinations.”

“The timorous man whistles to keep his courage up.”

“Give an inch, and take an ell.”

“Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.”

—*Old Proverb.*

“Most men, to a certain extent, are farmers. They sow ‘wild oats.’”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

A young man's love oft meets with opposition,
And he's confronted with a sad condition,
Which calls for vigorous fight, without evasion,
And that time-honored strategy—persuasion !

Inquiry oft is set aside, forsooth,
By slightly reckless handling of the truth !

Hallucination's vagaries appall,
And make, alas ! great cowards of us all ;
While o'er our fears such mighty power it sways,
We see a phantom foe in every gaze !

Ofttimes with whistling one would fain conceal
The surging fears one is constrained to feel !

Should you be selling, on a pinch,
 Give an inch ;
Should you be buying, look you well—
 Take an ell !

This sage suggestion, as a general rule,
Applies as well to sapient as to fool !

And in sowing “wild oats,”
 Making crops, great or small,
Many good men have come
 To a very bad fall !

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“A spark is not always luminous.”

“There is no woman who does not respect integrity in a man, however she may tempt him to lose it.”

“Love is one grand, sweet song.”

“Save a man from his friends and leave him to struggle with his enemies.”

“You can't eat your cake and have it, too.”

“Bait your trap with some form of vanity, and there is not a son of Adam who will not nibble at the bait, if he does not swallow it whole.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

It is a fact in very deed that's risible :
Some "sparks," we know, make only darkness visible !

Designing woman oftentimes will plan
To use her subtlest wiles in tempting man ;
And finding that her charms cannot avail,
Will laud the virtue she would fain assail !

Love is the sweetest song the heart may sing
Or claim,
Else life is mere existence—happiness
A name !

Friendship misplaced may prove the worst of woes
To valiant man while struggling with his foes !

Indeed we can—for after it is gone
Ofttimes we feel its presence—later on !

This charge on "sons of Adam," we believe,
Will hold as good with daughters of one Eve ;
For 'tis a fact, of which we know full well,
It was through vanity our mother fell.
"Twas thus the tempter trapped her to her ruin,
And brought about her own and our undoin' !

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The people who moralize afterwards are always the people who yield easiest to temptation beforehand.”

Temptation—Keen.

Desire —Keener.

Regret —Keenest.

“Politeness is invested capital that pays compound interest.”

“Time writes the wrinkles, Care carves the crevices on the heart, but there is always Love to efface the wrinkles, and Faith to fill up the crevices.”

“If ‘the good die first,’ what a lot of riff-raff there is left us to wrestle with !”

“Happiness is mockery when it masquerades in the garb of ‘perfection.’ ”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Like the frail maid who, firm at first, relented,
And, vowing she would ne'er consent, consented!

Epitome of life! to one and all,
Which should the very stoutest heart appall!

A trite old maxim, pregnant with a truth
Which should be heeded by our growing youth,
As by their bearish manners it would seem
The “gentleman” will soon be but a dream.
Investments in politeness *thus*, we trow,
Is capital that’s at a discount now!

Love smoothes the wrinkles in the loved one’s face,
And leaves a fairness Time cannot efface;
While carvings on the heart, wrought in by care,
Are filled by Faith, which leaves no traces there!

How sad it is, as is so oft declared,
That those are taken who can ill be spared;
While on each hand one notes, in gazing ’round,
Some that are left—mere cumberers of the ground!

Happiness, admixed with pain,
Is found if sought with care;
But unalloyed, those look in vain
Who seek it anywhere.
Thus happiness, though seeming real,
Is, in the abstract, but ideal!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Great men, to be truly great, should be the benefactors of their race.”

“‘Local option’ is a base satire upon temperance.”

“Columbus discovered the country which Washington saved. Whose is the credit?”

“Where ignorance is bliss ‘tis folly to be otherwise.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

“Bene-factor,” lit’rally defined,

May bear two meanings in one curious “figger.”

“One who does well” is patent to the mind;

The other, slightly stretched, may mean “well-digger.”

The greatest benefactor, then, in any quarter

Is he who e’er “does well” and finds “good water!”

What it really means—

(*Locus*, a place; *Optio*, a choice)—

The primal, “local,” is meant to show

The place to get it, if one would go

To take a nip, each minute;

The final, “option,” is then affixed

T’allow the choice of “straight” or “mixed,”

With a little sugar in it!

That credit belongs to Columbus the more

Will be readily seen at a glance,

For had he not sighted America’s shore,

“G. W.” had had a slim chance.

“Tis a logical fact, there’s no trouble in seeing,

That to “C.” belongs credit for “G. W.’s” being!

How can a man be blissful when he knows

Naught of the comforts which in bonds repose?

He’ll own his folly should he haply find,

Too late, his misplaced judgment of mankind.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“A man’s honesty is in proportion to his opportunity; a woman’s virtue in proportion to her charms.”

“In the see-saw of life a fellow who is up too often makes the mistake that he will stay up and the other fellow will always stay down.”

“The saddest of all reflections: it might have been.”

“Suretyship is the precursor of ruin.”

“The old are wont to ignore their birthdays.”

“One’s belief is more or less a matter of taste.”

“Nothing is impossible to industry.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

If this be true, indeed, in either case,
They both are blots upon the human race!

No man can be exempt in this world's strife,
As each must have his "ups and downs" in life!

His suit was spurned vehemently, but she—
Would afterwards have married him, but he—

Who'd first risk all, be ruined in the end,
Needs but to pose as surety for—a friend!

Those who their birthdays would ignore 'tis plain,
In certain sense, should all be "born again,"
That lullabys infantile might be sung
And every means employed to keep them young!

If one's belief, in fact, depends on taste,
There are not few whose creeds have gone to waste.

'Tis a question of will which determines this case,
When "impossible" nothing conveys,
As the adage is trite, which no time can efface,
That "Where'er there are wills, there are ways!"

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Honesty is the best policy.”

“Very busy people are never very wicked people. It takes time to plot mischief.”

“Always tell the truth and shame the ‘story’ teller.”

“It is the province of the wise man to be, at times, seemingly foolish.”

“True contentment depends not on what we have.”

“Of two evils, choose neither.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

This is a fact, and yet, 'tis plain to see,
It keeps some folk as poor as poor can be!

No busy folk to mischief are inclined;
The devil's workshop is—the idle mind!

Such curious stories oftentimes are told,
Which known impossibilities unfold,
That one, perforce, is e'en constrained, forsooth,
To make the trenchant query: What is truth?

To know the time and place in which to use
The clownish instincts one would not excuse
Is a great gift which one would scarce despise,
Else one would foolish be, tho' seeming wise!

The opposite of this is better taught,
For what one has is oft with blessing fraught,
While that for which one strives, for good or ill,
If not attained, will make contentment *nil*!

The choice of evils is a dangerous thing,
From which decision dread results may spring;
And lest the choice one would ere long bemoan,
'Twere better far to leave them both alone!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Who from a fight
Would run away,
May live to write
About the fray.”

“May all your New Years become old ones.”

“Now, turned around, spells Victory.”

“Genius is not inspiration;
Genius is perspiration.”

—*Edison.*

“Success is at the top of the hill. The man who reaches
it climbs.”

“A genius for work is the secret of success.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

He who from any fight
Would seek to run,
Had better leave before
It has begun,
Lest haply in his rear
Some bullet stray
May mar his chance to write
About the fray.

Just analyze this wish and you'll descry,
Should it be granted, you will never die!

An axiom one may almost deem sublime,
As showing "now" what may be "won" in time,
And points the startling fact, which tells us how
We're ever living in "perpetual now!"

A brand-new thought from one who thinks aright,
And in his shirt sleeves toils from morn till night.

The man who would succeed in earthly strife
Should have "Excelsior" written on his life!

The slave performs his task, at times accurst;
The lazy man's forced labor, all despise;
The great man's work is always honored first,
For 'tis in greatness where the genius lies!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Circumstances are the nails on which the weak hang their failures—on which the strong clinch their successes.”

“Charity has been called ‘the sterilized milk of human kindness.’”

“I’ve always noted great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less ;
And it’s the man who does his best
Who gets more kicks than all the rest.”

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

“He jests at scores who never played at ‘bridge.’”

“A fool’s paradise is none the less the fact because he is a fool.”

“Pessimism hinders; only optimism helps.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

The weak and strong alike both owe their chance
For failure or success to circumstance.

Be this the mode whence it derives its power,
No wonder those receiving it are sour ;
The sterilizing process, bear in mind,
Robs it of love and leaves it far from kind.

In this old world of trial all success
Must have of trouble, aye, far more than less ;
To unsuccessful man it always sticks,
For when he's down 'tis he that gets the kicks.

The size of scores sometimes creates a jest,
On which occasions troubles may arise ;
To some large scores give ill-concealed unrest,
And would remind one of the "Bridge of Sighs!"

A paradise of pleasure or of pain
Sooner or later we must all attain.
This is, alas ! life's clearly written rule,
Applying each to wise man and to fool !

To do successful work, in any case,
A man must keep the "best side" face to face.
No good can be subserved in any scope
By crushing effort or repressing hope.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Forget the past; attend to the present, and let the future take care of itself.”

“Be sure you are right and then go ahead; but in case of doubt, go ahead anyhow.”

“We have seen so much yellow that it threatens to become the national color; but remember there's a mighty little yellow in the nation's rainbow of hope.”

“If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—*Southey*.”

“He who standeth ‘pat’ should take heed lest he be called.”

“If the world owes you a living, you owe the world a life.”
—*Maltbie D. Babcock*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Give the present a chance,
Let the past go, and then
In the future don't worry
O'er what "might have been."

"Be sure you're right," old Davy Crockett said,
And being thus assured, "then go ahead!"
But to proceed on any other plan
Was not in keeping with this noble man.

With the gloom which at present
The nation enshrouds
There's more hope in the "yellow"
Than in the "black" clouds!

Focus your words to make a burning hit,
For "brevity is but the soul of wit."

Who standeth "pat" needs take but little heed
Of how, or what, or when he's called indeed,
For should his hand be deftly, surely "flushed,"
The calls will cease, with voices quickly hushed.

The little "if," as everyone can see,
Throws doubt on "world's" responsibility.
Should one on his own life no credit bring,
What claim has he on "world" for anything?
As for his debt, the world's poor lookout's slim;
God gave his life, and it he owes to Him!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The only sure things are those that have happened.”

“Advice is the worst vice there is.”—*Sydney Smith*.

“It was said of John Paul Jones: ‘He was slow in choosing and changing friends.’”

“Many a man is praying for grace to bear his trials who needs just sand to shake them.”

“Paths of great men are strewn with things they have learned to do without.—*Van Dyke*.

“Pretty low—High Finance.”

“There are men who seem to think it is better to be well-heeled than whole-souled.”

“Opportunities have no schedule time—you must be at the station when they arrive.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

This is a truth which should, indeed, appall—
The man, who being surety, lost his all!

One finds, in pondering o'er this thought a minute,
That though advice be bad, there's virtue in it!

A spirited man, living up to the letter,
That tho' new friends were well, surely old ones were better!

'Tis the grace one receives that in trials will stand;
There's small hope for the man who will build on *his* sand!

Some "great men" of old Britain oft essay
To trip o'er "H's" dropped along their way.

By keen research "High Finance" is descried
A "High-Low Game," with all the "knaves" outside!

The well-heeled man may be
Half-souled as well,
And of no "upper" knowledge.
Can he tell!

When at the station, aye, or on the road,
Just "grasp" or "seize" them, either—*a la mode!*

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“When poverty flies in at the door, love goes out in an automobile with—another man.”

“Umbrella—a fair and foul weather friend, with many ups and downs.”

“Success is like sunshine—it brings out the vipers.”

“The man who has the gift of brains never loses his presence of mind.”

“Victory belongs to the most persevering.”—*Napoleon*.

“Foresee misfortunes that thou mayest strive to prevent them; but whenever they happen, bear them with equanimity.”—*Zoroaster*.

“Not too little, not too much; the middle is the best limit.”—*From the German*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Which proves the auto but a thing of evil,
That owes its vile invention to the Devil!

The friend, whose "ups and downs" to thieving factions
Make it the subject oft of vile abstractions.

There's one success which sympathy awakes,
When the successful tippler has the "snakes."

"Presence of mind" can scarcely claim pretense
To what is known as "brains" in strictest sense;
For men of brains, it cannot be demurred,
Have lost their heads when accident occurred.

Words from the lips of one, we must confess,
Whose perseverance wrought most dire success.

The righteous man is provident galore
'Gainst what the fitful future has in store;
But losing all, with energies despent,
He bears misfortune with a calm content.

No pleasure in "too little" or "too much" is found,
And moderation is the wholesome "middle" ground.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“You will never miss water as long as the champagne runs dry.”

“The pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity and growls when the fruit falls on his head.”

“Marriage is the bloom or the blight of all men’s happiness.”—*Byron*.

“Those who live within their incomes are likely to live without worry.”

“No man can be sure of others until he is sure of himself.”

“These things a woman should keep: Her house, her temper, her servants, her figure and her husband.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

The while said vintage runs you'll ne'er will vex
On fancied loss of Adam's "XX!"

The pessimist would fail to see
Prosperity galore;
The horse-leech cry his own would be
Forever, "More and more!"

With hearts that are healthy
'Tis ever a bloom,
And the blight in its beauty—
The shade of the tomb.

Who heeds not this injunction
Will most surely come to rue it;
Live always within your income,
Though you borrow money to do it!

In the attempt man would but strain his powers
To find what's "sure" in this old world of ours,
Save two dread things, in which all interest waxes—
Those ever-present horrors, "Death and Taxes."

She may keep house and temper,
Figure, husband, in hand;
But her servants, Great Scot!
That's too much to demand!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice, and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another’s breast is to become a principal in the mischief.”—*Sheridan*.

“People who are afraid of freckles never make hay while the sun shines.”

“A handful of good life is better than seven bushels of learning.”—*From the French*.

“Opportunity is the Devil’s private secretary.”

“Two ‘Sir Positives’ can scarce meet without a skirmish.”

“People count up the faults of those who put them off and keep them waiting.”—*From the French*.

“Method in business is the chief instrument in getting rich.”—*American Spectator*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Malicious wit will fail of its intent;
'Tis like an arrow, badly aimed and spent.
Who'd seek with jest to make a bosom smart
Holds, hiding in his breast, a coward's heart!

Of the crops of such hay
There are many who boast:
They are girls at Cape May
And elsewhere on the coast.

Learning may help a man bright hours to spend;
A good life's worth is noted at the end!

A clever clerk, indeed, and not ignored,
Whose flaming pen is mightier than the sword!

A fight, with negative results,
Might readily recall
That case of "irresistible shot"
And "impenetrable wall."

They judge them by that maxim most sublime:
"Procrastination is the thief of time."

When based upon integrity 'tis wise;
All other methods honest men despise!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“He who lives after Nature shall never be poor; after opinion, shall never be rich.”—*Seneca*.

“There is a rank of mind as well as of birth.”—*Burns*.

“They can conquer who believe they can.”—*Virgil*.

“While the great bells are ringing no one hears the little ones.”—*From the Danish*.

“The best brewer sometimes makes bad beer.”—*From the German*.

“Do right, and fear no man; don’t write, and keep out of trouble.”

“One of the mysteries of a public man’s life is how his friends see everything bad and miss everything good that is printed about him.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

The gifts of bounteous Nature will be his
Who lives in touch with her amenities;
But he who would for mere opinion plead,
And trust to that, will e'er be poor indeed.

A commoner with brains will ofttimes wrest
The laurels from the brow which wears a crest!

Who in *all* things will on himself rely
Lacks not the courage e'er to do or die!

Few men will heed the little things of life
While great ones compass all their paths with strife.

Which goes to prove that e'en the best of men
Will lose their prestige every now and then.

Do right, and fearlessly in man's face you'll look;
Don't write, and you will ne'er be "brought to book."

The reason is plain, as they care not to know,
What is best in a man, as they only would show
That whate'er be his station, as master or minion,
He will always be subject to public opinion.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Love lieth deep—love dwells not in lip depths.”—*Tennyson.*

“Better deny at once than promise long.”—*From the Danish.*

“One good turn deserves—applause.”

“Money makes the mare go, and the auto makes the money go.”

“Many men think they are saints because they have such an intense hatred of certain sinners.”

“Where impudence is wit, 'tis folly to reply.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

The depths of love within the heart are sprung
Not on inviting lip or flattering tongue.

Decision's prompt denial once instilled
Is better far than promise unfulfilled.

Why one good turn deserves applause, I ween,
Is that *one* of a kind is rarely seen;
For let the turn be really good, or other,
It surely will be followed by another,
Which only goes to show that there is cause
Why every "turn" should claim its own applause.

It matters not howe'er "the goes" proceed,
There is no abstract difference in the feed!

A man who dares to call himself "a saint"
Recks not the meaning of humility;
His hate of "certain sinners" is a plaint
Which includes self, tho' he's too blind to see!

Where impudence may give no man concern,
'Tis harmless for the one for whom 'tis meant;
But, linked with wit, the wise man will discern
That silence will soon blunt its sharp intent.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Luxury is the bane of morality and virtue.”

“The greater the waist, the lesser the speed.”

“Getting a husband is easy enough. Keeping one is what requires genius.”

“The attempts to prove that two can live as cheaply as one often results in the necessity of providing for three.”

“Lovers of self admit of no rivals.”

“The man who keeps himself in ‘pink of condition’ never has the blues.”

“It is generally safe to steer the course far enough out to avoid the perils of friendship and far enough in to escape the kindness of enemies.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

This vice unbridled will, with care, dispense,
And then too quickly blunt the moral sense.

An argument plain for the unwieldy fat,
And none will be found who'll take issue with that.

This is a base suggestion, which should vex,
Which casts reflection on the weaker sex.

'Tis Cupid's sweet delusion which suggests
That love alone meets all of two's behests,
Nor does he feel concern o'er what may be,
Knowing that love can well devise for three!

Lovers of self may each be deemed an ass
Whose only rival is the looking-glass!

This is a marked condition which should fit
The man who strips to strive in fighting pit;
It but remains to have his foeman use
His skillful "fives" to give him lots of "blues."

This kind of steering gear the wise commends,
In that it helps to save him from his friends;
Of his foe's kindness he has naught to fear,
Knowing full well that it is insincere!

PROVERBS

“The door of opportunity has no place for knockers.”

“The man who thinks he is a wit should talk into a phonograph and then be made to listen to himself.”

“There is a lot of people so perfectly good they cannot give the rest of us a chance to be pretty good.”

“Some people think that first-class piety is simply a feeling of pity for the third-class passengers on the Glory Train.”

“The only one braver than the hero who fears not ridicule is he who fears it, yet faces it in a good cause.”

“The latest division of modern society—the classes in the autos and the masses—are merely those persons who get run over.”

“Of the five senses, common sense and a sense of humor are the rarest.”

“If the rich man could get through the eye of a needle as easily as he squeezes through the loopholes of the law, his future would be safe.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

For the good reason 'tis too long to wait,
While the electric button's up to date!

A cure perchance—or one of no avail—
The keenest wit, ill-used, grows weak and stale!

Let not the acts of hypocrites appall—
They cannot stay that mercy for us all!

Who thus would think must lack a knowing sense
Of the true meaning of omnipotence;
And he, alas! must own a lack of brain
Who classes rates upon a Glory Train.

Like one whose fear will keep him from the front,
Whose moral courage bears him to the brunt.

By no means latest—be it known, the classes
Are dubbed by those they injure as “them asses!”

In all life's games five senses have their powers,
But common sense and humor are the “bowers!”

Not through the needle need he thread his ways,
But through that greatest loophole, “Law's delays.”

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“It is better to seek for perfection in others than to fancy it in yourself.”

“When poverty enters the door, love flies out of the window ;
Besides, you know, prosperity's the very bond of love.”

—*Shakespeare*.

“American girls who go abroad for their titles frequently come home for their divorces.”

“The good man is the last who knows what is amiss at home.”—*Jonson*.

“Ladies, by all the laws of war, are privileged.—*Shakespeare*.

“The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”—*Sterne*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Why should one seek for what cannot be found,
A virtue not inherent in mankind?
Who thinks that he possesses it is bound
To be considered really, wholly blind!

The little God of Love will take all blame
For happiness engendered through his name;
And yet it is the acme of stupidity
To think of linking love with mere cupidity.

It serves them right, for when they make a sale
Of body, soul and spirit for a fad,
With nought of love, they find it don't avail
For loss of self-respect and all they had;
Their solace is that there is one resource—
The only one that's left them: 'Tis divorce!

'Tis to the good man oft that this
Old maxim fit applies,
For sure, "Where ignorance is bliss,"
'Tis folly to be wise."

They will be so till strife and war shall cease,
Then hold their own in "piping times of peace!"

The Lord, to the tender lambkin,
Doth temper it to the full,
But not to the old and foolish sheep
Who wilfully sheds his wool!

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Speak a good word for the living ; the dead don’t need it.”

“Rashness is not valor.”—*Livy*.

“The struggle to keep appearances *up* keeps many a poor man *down*.”

“Our strength of character is not put to the strongest test until responsibility falls upon us.”

“Tomorrow—the lazy man’s curse and the wise man’s opportunity.”

“You can’t judge a man’s character by the high standing of his collar.”

“‘Never give up’ is a motto which doesn’t apply at sea.”

“It being more blessed to give than to receive, it is beautiful to observe the prevailing disposition to let the other fellow have the chief blessing.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

The living need all good words one may say;
The dead don't want them. They have had their day.

Rashness, forsooth, hath thwarted many a plan
Wrought with discretion by a valorous man.

A fruitless task, one must admit, I wot,
Is struggling to assume what you are not.

Responsibility's exactions sure will tend
To show that moral strength one would commend.

Now is the wise man's opportunity, we say;
Tomorrow comes, and lo! 'tis yesterday!

Whate'er of character a man's possessed
Can ne'er be reckoned by the way he's dressed!

For it occurs, when as the vessel rolls,
Some fain would "give up" their immortal souls.

That disposition has not a desire to bless,
But has its rising in pure selfishness.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The weakling lives in his memory of yesterday; the sluggard in his hope of tomorrow; but there is only one day in the calendar of wisdom, and that is the present.”

“There are three things that no man can guess—the kick of a mule, the decision of a judge and the age of a woman.”

“Pessimism—mental indigestion. Worry—interest paid on trouble before it falls due.”

“Ability—the explanation of your success. Luck—the reason of the other fellow’s.”

“Every dog has his day; the kind of day depends upon the sort of dog.”

“To lose your temper is to lose the respect of others and your self-respect.”

“When your word is given, it is not yours to break.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

A potent axiom, named in Holy Writ;
"Now" is your own, so make the most of it.

There are some cases, not to be denied,
Wherein true knowledge e'er would be our guide;
But here 'tis shown, and must the solace bring,
That in each case 'twould be a dangerous thing!

The smallest of diseases which abound,
For which no sure specific can be found,
From which dire "worry" has its real source,
That robs a man of action in its course.

Conceit, it seems, did your success enhance,
As you ascribe to others only chance.

This adage old, one must perforce infer,
Applies alike to watch-dog and to cur.

Which goes to prove, howe'er you may abuse it,
One thing is sure—you can't afford to lose it!

The gift once made, good faith you should preserve,
Lest from the path of honesty you swerve.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Fate—a name many give to their laziness or carelessness.”

“Vanity—a germ often accompanying genius and always spoiling it.”

“There are many slips after the cup leaves the lips.”

“Everything within reach comes to those who wait on themselves.”

“A man may have a good opinion of himself, and yet be a poor judge of human nature.”

“Looking backward—a good way to develop hindsight at the expense of foresight.”

“If you want to have your business done, go; if not, send.”—*Franklin.*

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

This is an idea o'er which cynics prate,
While men are oft made "rolling stones" by fate.

Where germs of vanity, indeed, are found,
It is not there that genius will abound.

Not merely slips, but reelings which appall;
Nature unhinged—oblivion, after all.

Whate'er one may wish for, of profit or pelf,
He must look not to others—always to himself.

A man to others oftentimes may seem
To have a sense of proper self-esteem;
But that's no reason why they should begrudge
To him the right of other folks to judge.

Not so; for, mindful of the way we've run,
We might meet obstacles we fain would shun.

This is wholesome advice,
And you surely will rue it;
'Stead of going yourself,
You send someone to do it.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Better to beg than steal, but better to work than beg.”

“Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.—*Franklin*.

“Courtesy is an asset, though some men regard it as a surplus.”

“A word to the wise may be sufficient, but the man who talks to a fool is another.”

“Smile, and you can fool many; scowl, and you only make a fool of yourself.”

“Woman’s *rights* make children’s *wrongs*.”

“The most comforting thing in the hour of trial is an acquittal.”

“Every man does not have his price—some give themselves away.”

“Idleness and pride taxed with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments.”—*Franklin*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Which goes to prove, what's patent to the mind,
That work's the greatest blessing to mankind.

A good arrangement, not to be derided,
When "reciprocity" is not "one-sided."

So few display this asset; they, in short,
Seem to have passed through a bankruptcy court.

This cannot be supported by fixed rule;
It takes a wise man to discern a fool.

A sycophantic smile may chance mislead,
Where ill-timed scowls may folks your folly heed.

God-fearing woman would not dare assert
What as a "right" would do her children hurt.

'Tis not in hour's trial we discover
This comfort; it must be when trial's over.

Who'd act, in that they'd give themselves away,
Would have their price did chance but fix the day.

These moral twins, alluring "things of evil,"
Which trace their dire beginning to the Devil.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The noisy man promises much, but the man who dares gets there.”

“An untried friend is like an uncracked nut.”—*Persian saying.*

“God and man dislike a quitter. Don’t be a quitter.”

“The self-made man never struck for shorter hours or shut down because the walking delegate ordered him.”

“Punctuality meets an engagement.”

“Labor and capital once went for a walk, but they soon quarreled, because both wanted the sunny side of the path.”

“A word to the wise is sufficient; to the fool, superfluous.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

This is an adage all anon have heard:
The action speaks much louder than the word.

He may of friendship have the slightest minim,
So pierce his shell and find out what is in him.

In righteous paths always your course pursue;
Quit evil ways, and to yourself be true.

The man who strives his humble self to make
Has a fixed purpose he will ne'er forsake;
And be he blessed with fame or fortune's pelf,
He'll ever be "a law unto himself."

By this one merits never-ending praise—
The punctual man is stable in his ways.

They should know when they fight,
Giving no end of bother,
That, while each has his "right,"
They depend on each other."

A wise man will discern the situation;
To chide a fool is supererogation.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“The line between failure and success is so fine that we can scarcely know when we pass it; so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it.”

“There is no failure except in no longer trying.”

“Poverty is God’s richest dower to the soul He thinks worth saving.”

“Every man is the architect of his own fortune.”—*Appius Claudius*.

“Language is to the mind what beauty is to the body.—*Aristides*.

“Beauty is woman’s grace, but man’s is courage.—*Aeschines*.

“In prosperity let us especially avoid pride, disdain and arrogance.”

“He is, in my opinion, the greatest man who has by his own virtues raised himself to a higher station.”—*Cicero*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

A line so subtle, scarce to be defined,
Should cause no ill-disquiet to the mind,
Lest it might mar the paths one would pursue,
And chances, oft, of sure success undo.

This but suggests that fine old maxim clear:
To be successful one must persevere.

His saving grace He offers without leaven;
E'en rich men, if they will, may enter Heaven.

Can this be said of those who duty shirk
And reap the benefit of others' work?

This is a fact, to which all make concession,
That, in each case, 'tis marked in the expression!

While beauty's grace is woman's, 'tis apparent
That in true man his courage is inherent.

To have such mean pretensions in that state
Would show weak minds and sordid souls ingrate!

Who would success by his own virtues plan
Has right to be pronounced "the greatest man!"

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Opportunity—what most men miss.”

“There are three things it takes a strong man to hold—a young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.”—*Indian Proverb*.

“Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.”

“Try the work cure—today.”

“Economy is of itself a great revenue.”—*Cicero*.

“Occasional depression no one can avoid; but ill-temper, everybody.”—*German Proverb*.

“Adversity is the acid that tells the gold of resolution.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Not always through a lack of prompt decision,
But oftentimes through a sheer defective vision.

To hold the two requires prodigious strength,
Where one may test his powers at great length;
The last may first be won by bow or lance,
And then held captive by an amorous glance!

Without it, 'tis not difficult to see
A question of "To be or not to be."

Heed now this maxim, lest you go astray:
"Put not off till the morrow—work today,"
And be you well assured, in life's great hurry,
That work will cure the ills produced by worry.

It is the greatest axiom of trade:
"A dollar saved is sure a dollar made."

Though deep depression may the powers impair,
To curb ill-temper e'er should be our care.

The bard refutes this thought, as thus wrote he:
"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Never despair; many a game is won in the ninth inning.”

“A contented life is the surest path to glory and lasting happiness.”—*Dante*.

“It is the fate of some people to be always busy, but have nothing to do.”

“Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world.”—*Epictetus*.

“ ’Tis man’s bold task the strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.”

—*Homer*.

“Flatteries destroy the souls of the living and blind their eyes, as crows devour the eyes of the dead.”—*Epictetus*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Cheer up in darkening days and cease repining ;
For lo ! behind the clouds the sun's still shining.

It is the comfort of the soul in health :
"Contentment is a greater boon than wealth ;"
And though some men will readily receive it,
By far the greater number don't believe it.

Like the old clown in every circus ring,
Though always busy, never does a thing.

The sage is right, for every kind of evil
Comes from the sire of liars, yclept the Devil.

The strife may be unto the bold and strong,
But the results will to great God belong.

That flattery has done more harm, indeed,
Than all the grosser ills one must concede ;
For reason that, while seemingly sincere,
It blinds the eye to facts as they appear,
Leaving the victim of its wiles, forsooth,
To find, too late, what is the real truth.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“By examining the tongue of a patient physicians find out the disease of the body ; and philosophers, of the mind.”

“Marriage isn’t necessarily a failure because some married people are.”

“Health is the best thing, beauty the next, strength the third, and riches the fourth.”

“As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business sometimes prospects may seem darkest, when really they are on the turn.”

“Men contend with one another in punching and kicking, but no one shows any emulation in the pursuit of virtue.”

“Many men are so mean that they would like to climb the ladder of success and then draw it up after them.”

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Disease of body may be well defined
By state of tongue,
And all hallucinations of the mind
Through it have sprung.

Those folk, unfitted for the married state,
This greatest of successes dare berate.

Admitting this, one asks the question, whether
Health and strength should not be linked together?
With beauty had, and riches to be sought,
Without the former they'd amount to nought.

Business that's clean will its own profit make,
It matters not what turn the tide may take.

The reason's plain, and 'tis to their undoing:
Virtue is passive—does not need pursuing.

'Twere difficult, indeed, e'en to conceive
A thing so startling, much less to believe,
And yet it thus appears, there is no plan
Of meanness too extreme for selfish man.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Those whom you cannot make friends of, avoid making enemies.”—*Epicurus*.

“Luck does not guide the artist’s hand
To paint those forms that live for aye,
Nor cause the sculptor’s work to stand
Breathless in marble, bronze or clay.”

—*Thomas F. Porter*.

“The mind that is much elated and insolent with prosperity
and cast down with adversity is generally abject and base.—
Epicurus.

“Mortal man! A wretch of humble birth,
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth.”

—*Homer*.

“Nothing travels more quickly than scandal.”—*Livy*.

“Hence, should we learn our ardor to restrain,
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.”

—*Tinder*.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

In such a case it is a matter merely
Of leaving all of them alone—severely!

In true artistic sphere luck has no place,
For talent is God-given, of His grace;
Given to those who use it, at command,
And let no chances issue from their hand.

To dignify such with a mind is to flatter—
The source of such attributes simply is matter!

Mortal man was not produced by birth,
But he was formed by God of mother earth;
Nor was he wretch, nor short-lived, till the Devil,
Disguised as reptile, taught him ways of evil!

Its speed outrivals e'en the fleetest wind,
And in the race leaves innocence behind.

Define the limit e'er you dare to plan
To curb the effort of the prosperous man.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“He that grasps at too much holds nothing fast.”—*German.*

“Be the same to your friends when they are unfortunate as when they are prosperous.”—*Periander.*

“Great vanities—little doings.”

“The Indian scalps his enemy; the paleface skins his friends.”—*Indian Proverb.*

“All men are in some degree inspired.”

“A liar should have a good memory.”—*Quintillian.*

“We are at best but stewards of what we falsely call our own.”—*Seneca.*

“Philosophy does not look into pedigrees. She did not adopt Plato as noble, but she made him such.”—*Seneca.*

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

Like *Æsop's* dog, which, to his bitter cost,
Grasped at the shadow and the substance lost.

The man who for the opposite contends
Should be debarred the right of having friends.

'Tis an adage of old, none the less trite than true:
"Men who boast of great deeds, very small deeds they do!"

Mere difference in the quality of self,
Which each reserves unto his savage self.

Most men can of themselves do no great deeds;
It is from inspiration that the force proceeds.

Else a good liar would surely fail to hold
Should he forget what he's already told.

A serious fact, which should poor man appall,
That, soon or late, he must account for all.

The true philosopher, in marking men,
Makes no account of what they may have been;
He sees them as they are, and surely he
Will fit them to the place where they should be.

PAST-TIMES

PROVERBS

“Justice is the greatest interest of man on earth, the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together.”—*Daniel Webster.*

“Not how *long*, but how *well* you have lived is the question.”

“He who praises himself will soon find someone to laugh at him.”—*Syracuse.*

“Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.”—*Seneca.*

“Chide a friend in private and praise him in public.”—*Solon.*

“It is remarkable that Providence has given us all things for our advantage near at hand; but iron, gold and silver, being both the instruments of blood and slaughter and the price of it, nature has hidden in the bowels of the earth.”—*Seneca.*

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

COMMENTS

To some bad men it is no idle taunt
To say that justice is not what they want,
Else were they face to face with her great calls
They'd find themselves ensconced in prison walls;
But kings and nations does she bind together,
And holds them firmly with the strongest tether.

Length of days may often prove a curse
If in our lives we no good deeds disburse.

A scriptural maxim, not to be erased :
"Who would exalt himself shall be abased."

In some drear, dark recess be lost to sight
Rather than have their foibles brought to light.

Extol his virtues with a heart sincere,
But keep his faults for his own private ear.

Things for the body, and the soul as well,
God places in our hands, His love to tell,
By which great reason, be it understood,
That they are all intended for our good;
Those which conspire to war or sordid pelf
He has Dame Nature hide within herself.

